

Playboy by Val_Creative

Series: [100DaysofFemslash \[64\]](#)

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Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon, Crossovers & Fandom Fusions, Crushes, F/F, Friendship/Love, High School, Lesbian Beverly Marsh, Minor Violence, Porn Magazines, Sexual Humor, Teenagers, Underage Smoking

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Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Beverly Marsh

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Summary:

Beverly's sophomore year in Hawkins High School is full of average grades, and eating lunch in the bathroom stalls, and hiding behind the dumpster for a quick, calming smoke by herself. Until she discovers Jane propped up against the one of the dumpster's stinking, red-rust walls with her knees firmly to her chest.

She scrubs the drying, bright red blood from underneath her nostrils and gives Beverly an icy, *penetrating* look.

Playboy

Author's Note:

MY FIRST OFFICIAL WRITTEN CROSSOVER FOR THESE TWO FANDOMS. I'm glad it turned out to be this. I really love Beverly and El on their own but also the concept of them meeting makes me happy. Something silly for today! And any thoughts/comments appreciated! :D

064. Playboy

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Through the prickly, long weeds, Beverly spots something odd.

"Hold up," she yells, letting gravity claim her bike and rattle it upon impact to the blacktop.

Nothing ever *exciting* happens in Indiana, besides a liquor store robbery or two.

Beverly considers herself lucky for it. Her aunt made the decision to move, right out to the plainest little town in the Midwest, right after Beverly got expelled for a fistfight — Cassidy Cooper deserved that ginormous black eye for using Beverly's lesbian identity as a *insult*.

Her sophomore year in Hawkins High School is full of average grades, and eating lunch in the bathroom stalls, and hiding behind the dumpster for a quick, *calming* smoke by herself.

Until she discovers Jane propped up against the one of the dumpster's stinking, red-rust walls with her knees firmly to her chest. She scrubs the drying, bright red blood from underneath her nostrils and gives Beverly an icy, *penetrating* look.

Jane was the sheriff's adopted daughter, barely speaking to anyone outside her friend-circle.

When she *had* one, Beverly could relate.

(God, she misses every Loser. Bill and Ben and Richie phone her constantly on the weekends, asking when they can see her. It makes her feel *homesick* for a place Beverly didn't really care for.)

Beverly's arm thrusts into the gaping, splintered hole in the fence, almost up to her shoulder. She pulls out a glossy, ripped page of *something*.

"Oh my *god*," she breathes, cackling a moment.

Jane approaches, rolling her mint-blue bicycle along with her, sunshine lighting up her curls. "What is it?" she asks guardedly, as Beverly clears her throat and bunches the dirty porno magazine-page into her hand.

She considers holding it behind her back and pretending like nothing happened, but Beverly ducks down and notices the rest of the porno magazine is still sitting in the field's weeds.

"*Hold this*," Beverly orders, shoving the page at Jane and getting into the dirt, pulling out the magazine.

When she looks back at her friend, Jane turns the porno magazine-page around, her brows furrowing with intrigue and dismay. "Women can have sex with each other?" she asks lowly.

Beverly's genuine burst of loud, childish laughter rises high into the air, warming Jane's cheeks.

"*Definitely*."

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Author's Note:

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